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AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, July 4th, 1801.

EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Written by a young gentleman of Philadelphia.]

IT was a stormy and tempestuous night; the loud and reiterated peals of thunder seemed to shake the poles, while the continual flashes of lightning illumined the distant horizon; the sea ran mountains high, and the winds whistled violently, shattering the casements of Mr. NORTON's house; who, unable to sleep, had arisen from his bed, and sat near a window, contemplating the "war of elements." This was a scene which an Atheist could not behold without trembling, nor without acknowledging an over-ruling and all-powerful DEITY. Nor was this a moment for the guilty mind to conceal its vices from itself, under the specious garb of sophistry. But Mr. NORTON viewed the awful scene without any emotion of fear, for he was innocent!—Yet as he cast his eye on the distant ocean, raging and convulsed, as shewn by the momentary blaze, he felt pity warm his breast for those unfortunate mariners, who were, in all probability, abandoned to its fury. Thus he sat meditating, until the report of a gun was heard; he listened, and again heard it repeated, in the intervals between the peals of thunder; and it evidently appeared to be the signal of a vessel in distress. Mr. NORTON aroused his servants, and directed them to kindle fires, if the tempest would permit, upon the neighbouring hills, to serve as beacons to the sailors; but when they attempted to leave the house, they found it impossible, from the increased violence of

the storm, and Mr. NORTON was under the necessity, however disagreeable to his feelings, of listening to the repeated signals, without being able to afford any relief to the unfortunate victims; until, at length, the sounds ceased.

Early the next morning Mr. NORTON and his family repaired to the shore; the tempest had abated, and a gentle calm reigned on the surface of the ocean. As no fragments of a vessel, floating timber, or any other signs of a wreck were to be discovered, he concluded the ship had weathered the storm, and was descending from a little eminence on which he stood, to return home, when suddenly his eye was attracted by an object floating on the water, within a few yards of the shore; he immediately walked towards the place, followed by his domestics, and perceived that it was a raft, on which were two persons tied. One of the servants springing into the water, conducted it to the shore. A young woman, and a child of about two years old, both apparently lifeless, were fastened thereon. Altho' Mr. NORTON was a man of sensibility, yet he never let his feelings prevent him from doing what he conceived to be his duty; he knew that this was not a time to lament, but to act; instead, therefore, of wasting the moments in unnecessary words, he dispatched one of his domestics to the next village, to bring a physician, whilst others ran to the house for a couch, on which they placed the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, and conveyed them home. When the surgeon arrived, he made use of all possible measures for reanimating them: with respect to the lady, his efforts proved fruitless; but the child was, after a tedious operation, restored to life.

The same day Mr. NORTON gave orders for her funeral. An old woman whom he employed to lay out the body, in perform-

ing this act, discovered an elegant miniature of a man, set with diamonds, suspended from the neck of the deceased by a gold chain; this she carried to Mr. NORTON, who took it into his possession, in order to preserve it, intending, should the child survive, to restore it to him.

His first care after the funeral, was to search for a proper nurse to take charge of his unfortunate protégée; and such a one he found in the person of a neighbouring young woman, whose husband was his tenant. Accordingly the boy, on whom his fancy had bestowed the name of EDWARD WALWIN, was sent to his nurse's habitation.

Nothing material occurred during four years; EDWARD grew a fine healthy boy, and Mr. NORTON, at the expiration of that period, took him into his own house; intending, as he had no children, to treat him in the same manner as he would have done a son of his own, had heaven blessed him with one: for, altho' he was a widower, he never had a child; and on the death of his wife, he retired from New-York, where he had been a considerable merchant, to the estate he then lived upon, where he long mourned her death in silent sorrow. But time, and his own natural firmness of mind, at length softened his grief into a tender melancholy, which he retained to the last moment of his life.

At the village school to which EDWARD was sent, he contracted an intimacy with the daughter of Mr. BOLTON, a justice of the peace; and this intimacy soon ripened into a mutual affection. Often would he and his charming MARY, in these days of infantine innocence, build themselves mock houses of brush-wood; carefully would he collect the largest acorn to ornament their habitation, and cut green branches to shade it, while they called themselves by

the fond names of husband and of wife. — Lovely days of innocence! sweet moments of pure enjoyment! when youth has not been contaminated by a commerce with the world; and the heart is susceptible to genuine felicity. Thus passed his days in happiness; except when he was contemplating on the miniature which he had received of Mr. NORTON. At these times, he was lost in a train of melancholy ideas: the portrait, he doubted not, was that of his father, who, he was firmly persuaded, had been swallowed up in the bosom of the ocean. But youth is not the season for indulging melancholy; and in company with MARY BOLTON, he soon forgot his imaginary sorrows.

EDWARD was now in his eighteenth year. Entering Mr. NORTON's room one day, he perceived him sitting at a table, with a letter in his hand; while his countenance exhibited strong emotions of pity and grief. "EDWARD," said he, in a voice unusually mournful, "I am ruined — the man on whose honour I relied, has broke, and I am reduced to poverty: yet this misfortune affects me not so much as the condition of the innocent cause of it, who, unable to withstand his accumulated griefs, has become insane, and is now confined in an hospital." He paused: a tear rolled down his cheek; for the ill-fated sufferer had been his dearest friend. EDWARD attempted not to console him with ceremonious professions of sorrow; but respectfully retired, although his generous bosom felt keen affliction, at seeing the benevolent protector of his helpless years, subjected to such an unexpected reverse of fortune.

Mr. NORTON had endorsed notes to a large amount for his friend; and on his failure, Mr. NORTON's property was seized by the creditors: and, after the sum was discharged, nothing remained but a small plantation he possessed in Vermont. To this, it was determined he should remove; and he hoped, by strict economy and unremitting attention to his agricultural concerns, to be enabled to live comfortably. What little goods were left, he sent before in a waggon, with one of his domestics, who had orders to prepare the place for his reception: the rest of his servants, who were now become unnecessary, he discharged. Mr. NORTON and EDWARD were to follow WILLIAM (for so the domestic was named) as soon as some necessary business should be transacted. In the interval EDWARD repaired to his MARY, to take leave of her. It was in the evening, and they walked together to a favour-

rite seat, which had been erected in a grove belonging to Mr. BOLTON. Here EDWARD imparted to her his necessity of going to a distance from her, and lamented the circumstance, with all the eloquence of love. — MARY, unpractised in the arts of coquetry, gave free vent to her tears; and mourned with him the prospect of separation: and when night at length approached, he with difficulty tore himself away, repeating the word adieu! which was returned in a voice scarcely audible. MARY returned home, and passed a sleepless night; for she loved him with an ardent affection; and EDWARD returned it with equal fervour. This night as he lay in bed, a thousand tormenting ideas presented themselves to his imagination. He reflected, that he would be so far from his MARY that her affection might decrease: the "green-eyed monster," jealousy, entered his heart for a moment; — "some favoured and wealthy lover will be chosen," thought he, "in preference to an indigent orphan." Then again, he condemned the idea, and thought it impossible that such purity could be unfaithful: and when the day began to chase away darkness he arose from his bed, unable to compose himself to sleep; for, notwithstanding his good disposition and amiable manners, he wanted that necessary companion for all who wish to sail smoothly down the current of life, patience. He possessed all the impetuosity natural to youth; and commonly acted from the impulse of the moment, rather than from mature deliberation.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

IT is said of Governor Tichenor of Vermont, that in one of his travels thro' the state of New-Jersey, he made it in his way to call on a credulous old Dutchman, who was an inn-keeper, and an old acquaintance. A short time before he arrived at the inn, he alighted from his carriage, and took up an oaken leaf, and carefully wrapped it in a piece of paper. After the usual ceremonies, he asked his landlord if he ever tasted of the tree of life? He said he had not. The Governor very sedately took from his pocket the said oaken leaf, and presented it to the Dutchman; who, after viewing it, took a bite of it again and again, expecting from its effects that he should live for ever. The Governor soon after leaving the inn, the landlord ran after him, and anxiously requested of the Governor, that if ever he should come that way again, he would by no means let his wife taste of that leaf.

Ali and Orasmin;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

An Oriental Tale.

(CONTINUED.)

THE acclamations of thousands proclaimed the honourable return of Ali; and Orasmin, making a virtue of necessity, was the first to declare him worthy of the viziership. He at first hesitated to accept of it, for the memory of Amine had estranged his heart from society; but, reflecting that man was not made for himself, and that he who slights the power of doing good, is an enemy to human nature, he received it at the hands of his gracious sovereign with the most zealous and heart-felt professions of gratitude. The torments of Orasmin increased daily; and, though he observed the most marked attention to his rival outwardly, the dark projects of revenge, continually absorbed his mind. An orphan, who from earliest infancy had been under his directions, loved, and was beloved by his daughter: he had long noticed it, but concealed that knowledge. One day when the lovers were enjoying as they thought, the blisses of security, he surprised them, and with a stern frown bade Ibrahim follow him. They entered a private apartment; when Orasmin, seating himself, thus addressed the youth, who stood trembling before him — "Ibrahim, when the angel of death deprived thee of thy parents, and the angel of adversity destroyed the fortunes of thine house, thou wast insensible to thy loss. Thy father had been my most intimate friend, and I took thee under my protection. I have been to thee as a father, and thou hast been profuse in professions of gratitude; but it is by deeds alone, that we can judge of the sincerity of the heart, and Orasmin now finds it necessary to put thy gratitude to trial." Then, giving him a letter, bade him read it; which the terrified Ibrahim immediately opening, found to contain these words.

"Ali Mahomet, to his esteemed friend Nadar Ismoul, greeting, health and happiness. To the tyrant Mustapha, despair and death! The plan of thy defeat was well managed; the credulous Muley is completely deceived, and has made me vizier: he little dreams, that he has put himself into the power of his most implacable enemy. I dispatch this by a trusty messenger; by whom, from time to time, I shall communicate to thee what steps thou art to take. At present, keep still

where thou art; and I hope soon to call thee from thy hiding place, to share with me the empire of the usurping Othmans. Thine in all the ardour of sincerity,

ALI MAHOMET.

"Among the talents thou possessest," continued Orasmin, "thou hast that of imitating, beyond the possibility of detection, the most difficult hand-writing; transcribe, then, that letter in the characters of Ali our vizier, specimens of which I shall give thee; and, if thou succeedest to my wish, the hand of my daughter Almeria, whom thou lovest, shall be thine." The agitation of surprise which possessed the youthful Ibrahim, left him not words to reply: he stammered out a few incoherent words; when Orasmin, drawing his scymitar, cried—"I am not to be trifled with! to the task this moment; or, by the head of Mahomet, thou shalt follow the shade of thy father. But, I again repeat it, if thou pleasest me, Almeria shall be thine to-morrow."

Flattered by the hopes of possessing Almeria, but more through fear at the threats of Orasmin, Ibrahim sat down, without a thought of the consequences that might ensue, to imitate the treasonous scroll. The monster who compelled him to the action, was delighted with his performance: and calling for sherbet, he drank, telling Ibrahim to pledge him; then bidding him good night with a sarcastical smile, and securing the door when he went, out, left him in a most painful reverie.

Repairing to the walls of the seraglio, he entered by a private passage, through which the Emperor always passed, when went to survey the royal city in disguise; and which, by having been vizier, he was well acquainted with: and having while in office, procured false keys to the various doors, he easily found admission to the secret audience-chamber, where none but the vizier can enter on pain of death, without permission of the Sultan; and, there leaving the letter, he returned to his house, exulting in the hope that Mustapha would discover it, when he retired there alone, as was his custom every night, to inspect such dispatches as the vizier in the day prepared for his approbation: trusting the success of his plan, on the extreme credulity and impetuosity of that monarch, which hurried him into actions that provided him the most severe repentance for his moments of reflection.

The event justified his most sanguine expectations; and, before the first watch of the night was passed, a hasty messenger summoned him to a secret audience in the

palace. The Sultan presented him with the letter; he read it, and appeared petrified with astonishment; compared the hand writing with some of Ali's he had purposely brought with him, to satisfy himself of its identity; then, bemoaning the defalcation of his friend, in accents of the most artfully-counterfeited grief, and after an apparent struggle between duty and friendship—"Glory," said he, "to God and his prophet! Long life to the commander of the faithful! and destruction to his enemies! The profound duty every Musselman owes to the vicegerent of Alla, obliges me to dispense with the scruples of an ill-placed friendship; and declare, that the conduct of Ali has long appeared to me as involved in the veil of mystery: the plausible manner in which he has ever demeaned himself, I have discovered, beyond a doubt has been only a bait for popularity; too ardent a love for which is a certain criterion of unwarrantable ambition."

"I once had the mortification to witness the shameful defeat of the Ottoman arms, under his command; I had then many reasons to suspect treachery: but, the implicit confidence I, with the empire at large, put in him, made me discredit my own senses; and it was the same infatuation which induced me to be the foremost in declaring him the most eligible for the viziership, when returned from meeting the rebel Ismoul. Yet, when I reflect, in sober reason, on the nature of that action, and behold the insurgents, though greatly superior in force, throwing down their arms almost without the shadow of resistance, and their leader suffered to escape; it impresses me as a strong confirmation of the authenticity of this newly-discovered instrument of treason." "Thou art right Orasmin!" interrupted the enraged Mustapha: "convey him instantly to a dungeon; and to-morrow's sun shall behold inflicted on him the reward of his treachery!"—"Will it please the gracious emblem of Alla," replied Orasmin, "to listen a moment longer, without anger, to his slave; while he offers, as Alla himself can witness, the counsel only dictated by that unshaken attachment ever evinced by his house to the renowned family of the Othmans?" "Speak on, and fear not," returned Mustapha. Orasmin proceeded,—"Thou knowest well, O glory of thy race! that Ali is the idol of the deluded multitude; and, should they behold him going forth to execution, what desperate steps may not their blind attachment induce them to take for his preservation? And a commotion once begun, as we know not

how far the treason has spread, may encourage hundreds of accomplices in the guilt to come forward; and, led by Nadar, who doubtless is at hand, induce the populace to join the compact of treason release Ali, and shake perhaps even the foundation of the Ottoman throne? Let policy then, bid justice strike this night, so the root of the confederacy being cut away, the branches shall necessarily wither, and, when to-morrow's sun shall expose the traitor's head, branded with his crime, to the trembling people, thy subjects shall be more firmly fixed in their obedience—taught by the awful lesson, that the most exalted enemies of Mustapha are the fated victims of destruction!" He ceased. "By Mahomet, I swear," rejoins the Sultan, "thy reasons are just! See him instantly dispatched! Be this," presenting his ring, "thy warrant. Be gone!" Orasmin wanted not urging: he seized Ali; but appeared not before him, till he beheld him extended on the floor of a loathsome dungeon, secured by the ponderous manacles of injustice. On entering, having ordered the guard to withdraw—"Mahomet," said he, "is it my noble friend Ali I am commissioned to guard? Can any wretch have accused thee of a crime meriting such dishonour! thou whose name scandal had not even dared to profane? Alas! my friend! where will oppression finish his career!"—"I know not, my dear Orasmin," replied the injured Ali, half-raising himself, "my crime, nor my accuser: innocence, however, is my support; and, while thou art my gaoler, I shall find pleasure even in a prison!"—"Generous, noble Ali!" rejoined the brute "what is it I do not feel for thee? yet it were unkind to keep thee in suspense. Know, then, that the abandoned wretch, who was the occasion of the foul disgrace thou endurest, is no other than thy dear, thy beloved friend Orasmin!"—"Orasmin! Orasmin!" with an accent of doubting horror, enquired the victim;—"yes!" returned the fiend, thy Orasmin."

[To be continued.]

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice to Religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature.

Charity is a virtue of the heart, but not of the hands. Gifts and alms are the expression, not the essence of this virtue.

Conceitedness and ignorance are a most unhappy composition; for none are so invincible as the half-witted, who know just enough to excite their pride, but not so much as to cure their ignorance.

The Commentator, No. 14.

“———*These poor men of pelf,
“Each does but hate his neighbour as himself;
“Damn’d to the mines, an equal fate betides,
“The slave who digs it, and the slave who
hides.”* POPE

I HAVE lately heard many observations made upon the title I have assumed, for as nobody knows whether the author is a friend or foe, every one has a right to enquire into the propriety of every part of his essays.—Some assert, that, from the title of a Commentator, is to be inferred remarks on some particular things, after the manner of a criticism, and not merely dry, prolix, uninteresting essays, in which it is attempted to throw light on abstruse subjects without success. The passions, as the source of man’s unhappiness, are an important subject, the cognizance of which, certainly is included in the extensive sphere of action, belonging to a commentator;—and in pointing out the fatal consequences attending the indulgence of them, I do not apprehend that I deviate from the line of conduct which my title seems to prescribe.

Of all the passions, which are contending for sovereignty in the human breast, none appear more worthy of the attention of the observer, than the despicable one of Avarice. Care and wretchedness are its constant and inseparable attendants; it steels the heart to the soft sensations of sympathy with the afflicted, and excludes every charitable sentiment;—yet, with all these disagreeable companions, the passion for the accumulation of riches is the most prevalent of all those, whose fury the human breast has ever experienced. The opposite extreme of prodigality, is by no means to be applauded, though it is less injurious to society, as the first prevents the circulation of money, while the other increases it. To exemplify the consequences of the indulgence of either of these propensities, may enforce the conclusion, that they ought with the greatest caution to be avoided, more strongly than by long-winded arguments.

AT a short distance from the metropolis of the British empire, on the verdant banks of the Thames, stands a small village. This humble place affords a pleasing retreat to those who generally reside in the city, except in the summer months, and whose fortunes will not admit of their retirement to the fashionable places of resort, but are in a happy state of mediocrity. In this delightful village a boarding-school was instituted, where the children of the

vicinity, and those whose parents resided in London, were instructed in the necessary branches of science.—Here Lysander and Altimus, who were equal in age as in parts, contracted a firm friendship, which, unlike the generality of school-acquaintances, promised to survive their temporary separation. Still there was a striking difference in their dispositions, and their tutors frequently made their observations on their extraordinary attachment to each other, when their sentiments and tempers were by no means congenial. As they advanced in age, their dispositions were so widely different, that frequent disputes loosened the bands of friendship; but when they left school, to enter on the path through life which they were destined to tread, a separation took place before their intimacy was entirely dissolved. Lysander’s ruling passion was Avarice;—when quite an infant, he was remarkable for the care with which he would preserve every little present which was made him, or his dividend of the fruit, which his mother daily allotted her children. Frequently would he complain of his treasures decaying upon his hands, and of his being deprived of the enjoyment of what he had taken so much pains to hoard up. On the contrary, the prevailing propensity of Altimus, was a love of ease, and of seeing happiness gladden every countenance around him. Thus he would frequently, when a boy, bestow all his play-things on his companions, rather than be teased with their solicitations, or see them a prey to discontent. When the friends separated to enter into business, or the necessary study previous thereto, Altimus made choice of the merchant’s counting-house, while Lysander chose the study of the law. The material difference of their pursuits, and the still greater dissimilarity of their dispositions, soon caused a total dissolution of the bonds of friendship, and they no longer met, after the fatigues of the day, to recount their past pleasures, and juvenile frolics in the village of L——. “Scenes of my youth,” ye will at times intrude on my remembrance, and cause a sigh for the many peaceful, happy hours, I have passed in your shady bowers.—No similar sensations were felt by either Lysander or Altimus, when the occurrences at L—— were recollected, but the glowing prospects before them, engaged all their attention. The minority of the friends (as I shall yet call them) was spent in steady application to business, and when they attained maturity, they were assisted by their friends to figure in their professions. Altimus was

taken into partnership by an opulent house, and with justice anticipated a constant flow of wealth. His generosity was extreme, and many of his fellow creatures, rescued by his bounty, from the chill grasp of Poverty, daily offered up their prayers for his experience of every temporal blessing. But, unfortunately, Altimus was too fond of ease to discriminate with justice and accuracy between the idle pests to society, reduced to indigence by their own misconduct, and those who were compelled by misfortune to ask, from the hand of Benevolence, a temporary relief. Consequently his bounty was frequently misapplied, and the gift, which the unthinking donor really intended should assist merit sinking under misfortune, was transferred to those who had art sufficient to dupe his credulity. Besides the sums he had expended in charity, his evil genius led him to the verge of the vortex of fashion, and he was whirled by it to the centre of dissipation and extravagance. To extricate himself from this dangerous situation was not in his power; to retrench his expences, and desert his extravagant companions required more strength of mind than Altimus possessed, and would moreover expose him to the ridicule of his acquaintance. He had not fortitude to resist “the world’s dread laugh, which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,” and, without considering that his fortune was yet but nominal,—that all his estate was in expectation, and the possession of it depended wholly on his application and success in trade, he contracted debts to a considerable amount, and by his drafts on the partnership, considerably alarmed his friends with whom he was concerned. Regardless of the consequences, and of the material detriment his conduct might prove to his credit, he continued in his mad career of dissipation, lavishing considerable sums in the most thoughtless and unbounded extravagance. His friends remonstrated, but in vain; he turned a deaf ear to their solicitations to desert the path of folly, which must inevitably terminate in ruin, and, regardless of the monitions of prudence, hastened to rush down the precipice into the gulph which yawned at his feet.

As I have extended this tale beyond the limits I intended to affix, I must defer the conclusion to another number, or subject myself to the aspersion of encroaching upon the prerogatives of other Correspondents. J.

ERRATO—In the last number of the Commentator, first col. 2nd l. from bot. after the word *amusement*, insert, *which would occupy their leisure hours.*

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY JAMES A. NEAL, PRINCIPAL OF THE YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY, TO HIS PUPILS, ON SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1801.

Young Ladies!

SOME time since, I urged the necessity of devoting a portion of your time to *Composition*. Most of you are, I trust, from happy experience, convinced of the propriety of the remarks I then made. Your attention to, and proficiency in, that most important and useful branch of a finished education, justifies me in the supposition. That my sentiments on that occasion, met with the unequivocal approbation of characters, as respectable for literary talents, as for their public and private virtues, is a circumstance most grateful to my heart;—excited, indeed, not by any peculiar originality of ideas then expressed, but by their obvious truth, and intrinsic importance. It was, in short, that spontaneous homage which good men ever render to truth, when exerted to promote the best interests of the rising generation.

I now propose to introduce, as an almost indispensable auxiliary to the invaluable exercise of the mind, just mentioned, the study of *Rhetoric*, or, as Dr. Witherspoon very pertinently conceives it ought to be termed, *Taste, Composition, and Criticism*.

The system, which is selected for this purpose, is comprised in a small volume, being an abridgement of Dr. Blair's Lectures on Elocution, &c. Of Dr. Blair's Lectures, nothing need be said: universally esteemed the most perfect models of the purest eloquence, no encomium, at this period, can add to their justly acquired celebrity. It is proper, however, to observe, that the abridgement is of a different complexion from similar attempts, in general; and is, in fact, executed in a judicious and masterly manner. Nothing of the energy of the original is lost; it is strongly marked with all that perspicuity, precision and elegance, which the nature of the subject seems to demand. Can such a system be read with even a tolerable degree of attention, without imparting some portion of the spirit of the just, natural, and accurate precepts, with which it abounds?

Many of you have acquired, in addition to the first and most essential branches, a pretty thorough knowledge of Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, with the use of the Maps and Globes, and some acquaintance with Astronomy; and therefore, such of you are, in my opinion, qualified for entering upon this study with profit and delight.

In pursuance of the plan proposed, part of a day in each week, will, hereafter, be dedicated to the study of *Rhetoric*: And may it produce those interesting and salutary effects, which I so confidently anticipate!

The mere technical name of this science, I trust, will not excite any alarm in your minds; as you are already acquainted with its nature, from the frequent allusions to it, which I have had occasion to make. It treats, in the most familiar manner, on subjects commonly of the most familiar kind: and even those of a more complex nature, are rendered extremely plain, by that clearness of style and arrangement, which are the uniform characteristics of Dr. Blair's writings. Hence, no undue or painful exertions of your minds are required, to comprehend its principles. And, I doubt not, while you are engaged in this pursuit, that you will be frequently surprised, that ideas so natural and striking, should never have occurred to you. What Sir Richard Steele said of the sciences in general, may, with peculiar propriety, be applied to this,—that it is “beautiful as the graces:” indeed, the pleasures connected with it, are great as they are pure and permanent.

This study appears, to me, well adapted, for, and a knowledge of it highly ornamental to females. The province of taste is, indeed, emphatically yours: that quickness of perception, acuteness of discernment, and delicacy of sentiment, so conspicuous in your sex, render the science of Belles-Lettres agreeable as it is useful. Information of this kind regulates and corrects the imagination, discovering the intrinsic value and inexpressible beauty of virtuous pursuits; and, by holding up a mirror in which is displayed the native deformity of vice and folly, leads the mind, with silken cords, into the contemplation, exercise, and enjoyment, of whatever is truly excellent and praise-worthy. In conversation, in writing, in the selection of books,—it will prove equally advantageous. Nothing, perhaps, can have a more direct and happy tendency to refine and expand the mind; preparing it for the reception of the most valuable attainments, and directing them to their appropriate objects. It is, in reality, the parent of many virtues. It is intimately connected with those qualities, which reflect a steady and permanent lustre upon the female character. Purity of manners is, indeed, the almost inseparable attendant upon mental refinement. “Improvement of taste,” says Dr. Blair, “seems to be more or less connected with every good and virtuous

disposition, and softens the violent and more angry emotions. In the education of youth, no object has appeared of more importance to wise men, in every age, than to furnish them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. From these, to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life, the transition is natural and easy.” I have been frequently penetrated with the keenest regret, to see so great portions of time, of unspeakable value to all, squandered away in the perusal of books calculated to mislead and deprave, instead of rectifying or refining the heart. An acquaintance with this science, will, I think, in a great measure, correct this serious and very alarming evil.

A just taste once acquired, you will no longer be imposed upon, by the false varnish and borrowed ornaments of vicious writers. The style will be brought to an instant ordeal, to that almost unerring standard of taste, which you will imbibe from study and reflection. Hence, if you find a writer “o'erstripping the modesty of nature,” you will at once, turn from the work with disgust; finding it alike incapable of affording you either instruction or entertainment.

For a long time past, I have anxiously, assiduously, and I believe I may add, successfully laboured to improve your minds. Permit me; therefore, earnestly and affectionately to recommend to you, the proposed study of *Rhetoric* and *Belles-Lettres*, as a mean of farther advancement in useful and ornamental literature. If I do not grossly mistake, it will have the desired effect, and produce an abundant harvest of utility and rational delight. At least, I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that such is my firm belief and most ardent prayer.

May the introduction of the present study, conspire with the inestimable privileges which you already enjoy, to make you real ornaments of society, and bright examples to your sex; to stimulate your exertions in the pursuit of virtuous knowledge; to lead you into the practice of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report; to give you enlarged and comprehensive views of the Divine Nature and attributes, and of your future destination; to exalt, purify and expand your hearts, and direct their aspirations to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, whose loving kindness is better than life.

REMARK.—To a man of virtue and resolution all things are nearly alike. He values not the changes of fortune, any more than he does the changes of the moon.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

A SHOEMAKER of Dublin had a longing desire to work for DEAN SWIFT: he was recommended by Mr. James Swift, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have, them?"—"On Saturday next," said the shoemaker. "I hate disappointments," said the Dean, "nor would have you disappoint others; set your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your reverence," said Bamerick, (for that was his name,) "I desire no longer time than Saturday se'ennight, when you shall be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time; but, through the hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, "Mr. Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Axeheson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day." "Indeed, and indeed, sir," said Bamerick, "the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause, asked him, whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick answered, "No, sir; but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." "Come," said the Dean, in a good-humoured tone, "I will show you some improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the farther end, when the Dean started as if he had recollected something, "I must step in," said he, "stay here till I come back;" then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket.

Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the Dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose, he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The Deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other firearms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. "Robert," said he, "I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden-side, I fear some robbers have broken

in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders." Then the Dean took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men came. "Arm yourselves," said he, and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the Dean roared out, "There is the robber, shoot him, shoot him!" Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees, and begged his life. The Dean held up the lanthorn to the man's face, and gravely said, "Mercy on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?" "Lord sir," said Bamerick, "do'nt you remember you left me here in the evening?" "Ah, friend," said the Dean, "I forgot it as you did the boots;" then turning round to Robert, (who was his butler,) he said, "give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

This anecdote was received from Darby Coleman, one of Bamerick's workmen, and who worked for him at the same time.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

HADING, king of Denmark, and Hund-ing, king of Sweden, tired with the fruitless battles they had fought against each other, and the profusion of blood and treasure spent to no purpose, resolved upon a peace as cordial and sincere as ever their animosity was bitter. They swore a perpetual alliance, and entered into a very extraordinary agreement, that when one should be informed of the other's death, the survivor should immediately lay violent hands on himself. After they had reigned with great felicity for some years, the news came to Upsal, that Hading was no more. This was false; but Hading had not patience to wait for a confirmation; he resolved to die, and immediately prepared a magnificent entertainment, assembled all his officers around him, plied them with wine, and at the close of the feast, flung himself into a vessel full of hydromel, where he perished. The Danish monarch received the news with the utmost grief, and that he might equal his friend in generosity, hanged himself in sight of the whole court. Such is one instance of what, in rude ages, was celebrated as pure friendship.

ANECDOTE.

A Prating woman, who had lost her teeth, asked a physician the reason, she being young and healthy; I can't guess at any other reason, says he, but that your tongue grates too much against them.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COURTSHIP.

FROM A. B.

Well, Mr. Hogan, agreeably to my promise, I again take up my pen to continue my story, I can't say to give you the conclusion of it, as it is not yet concluded; nor will it, I fear, ever be.

I believe my last letter closed with an account of the unexpected and disagreeable interruption of a drunken beau; this, Sir, you may judge, was very unpleasant to me, at least, if not to her.

Tired of these vain attempts, I resolved to remain silent, and try whether the deep drawn sigh and sorrowful countenance might arrest her attention, and force her pity; alas! the only consequence was, her expressing a ludicrous apprehension, that I had a pain in the chest, or was about to have the asthma, and recommending me to an apothecary in the neighbourhood, who attended her "good aunt;" together with an assurance, that if I applied to that "good old lady," she would doubtless give me some of those cordial drops, which had done her so much good.

Finding myself laughed at, and that the breath of love would never waft me to the desired haven upon this tack, I recovered from my spleen, assumed a face of gaiety, and told her with a bold and careless air, that she had omitted to conjecture one cause of my complaint, viz. that I was in love—and that with her. The declaration was received with equal gaiety, and treated as a joke, till upon my becoming importunate—swearing that I was in earnest, and seizing her hand, she assumed a serious look, and telling me, that when I wished to divert myself, she begged me to chuse some other subject; and suddenly left the room, with every appearance of being offended at my freedom.

What shall I do, Mr. Hogan? is it not cruel to be thus baffled by a mad, giddy girl, who I believe, in truth, understands me, and I fancy, (without vanity) has no real aversion to my passion? I have thought of writing to you, and if you cannot give me any advice, the old chance, at least, of her perusing your publication may excite some compassion in her, and prevent my perpetually grasping a cloud, while I am pursuing a goddess.

A. B.

[It is very natural for us, when in distress, to seek counsel from a friend; but in general, it is much easier to give advice, than to communicate that perception and firmness that is necessary to make a right use of it. However, as Mr. A. B. has made the application, we deem it nothing more than duty to lay before him our ideas on the subject—

First of all A. B. should examine carefully, whether the object he is pursuing is the goddess he takes her to be or not. Dr. Aikin observes, that "to form a solid judgment of so many qualities as are requisite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days or weeks, of casual visits or public exhibitions." In this A. B. appears to have fallen into an error, by being over anxious to declare his passion. The progress of love, says the same writer, ought to be "liking, approving, loving," and then "DECLARING:" a contrary course has spoiled many a courtship, wherein both parties were satisfied with each other; and which is much to be lamented, this line of conduct too often accompanies a sincere passion, and an ingenuous mind.—But it may not yet be too late for A. B. to retrieve his credit with Julia—by his own account, she has not given him a flat denial, nor forbid his visiting her; and a lover ought not to imagine, that a sprightly young lady will fall into his arms at the first onset—her affections must be gradually engaged. A. B. must shake off that unbecoming bashfulness, and renew the attack. At the same time it is to be observed, that love is a nice matter, and requires some economy; it is equally detrimental to be profuse as reserved in courtship, and a partial separation of the parties has often a beneficial effect. Julia has now, undoubtedly, discovered his intentions, and will be on her guard; it will therefore be necessary to lay regular siege to her heart, and approach with masked batteries. Lovers, like soldiers must watch night and day, endure fatigues, and even defeats, returning to the charge with cautious firmness and redoubled vigour. Remember, Mr. A. B. a faint heart never gained a fair lady.—Who knows what a day may bring forth?—Carry on the siege with patience and perseverance, and two to one, you will bring her to terms of accommodation.

At the same time, we would advise the lady not to be too coquettish, lest she lose, perhaps, the first wish of her heart: for surely she has good sense enough to discover the modest merit of A. B. thro' the intervening clouds of awkwardness and bashfulness.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUNE 27, 1801.

MR. HOGAN,

FROM the consonants of the alphabet, in the furnace of my brain, on the anvil of my paper, and with the hammer of my pen, I have formed the accompanying key; which has afforded me entrance into the ancient cabinet presented by a correspondent to your readers, in this day's Repository. As I have no "spare hours to bestow," in describing the curiosities which are "therein, and may be profitable to the public;" I will merely request the favour of your permitting any person inclined to view them, with the use of this key, and you will thereby continue, what I am proud to acknowledge you are at present,

"AMICO QUO AMANTISSIMO."

TWICE-EIGHT.

KEY.

b c d f g h k l m n p q r s t w x z
z x w t s r q p n m l k h g f d c b

Whenever any of the above letters occur in the specimen of ancient correspondence exhibited, transpose them for those which stand over or under them.

By the above key, with the addition of the vowels remaining as they stand in the

original, the following will be found a literal translation of this ancient enigmatical correspondence.

Amico suo amantissimo Johanni Perkes Potobhoterophii Fohsiensis in comitatu wigoreniensi, Ludimagistero.

SIR,

If you please to bestow some of your spare hours in perusing the following treatise, you will then be the better able to judge how I have spent mine—and if my pains therein may be profitable to the public I have my wish; but if not, it is not a good thing now, now indeed I do say so.

Sir, I am,

Your humble servant,
JOHN HAWKINS.

Octob. 30th, 1684.

From LONDON.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

OF a right-angled-triangle, there is given the base $A E = 6$, and the difference between the hypotenuse and cathetus $= 2$, to find the sides and angles, by a geometrical construction without the aid of algebra.

A CORRESPONDENT.

ANOTHER.

[By N. M. of Germantown.]

HOW many degrees are in that Angle, whose Co-sine is equal to its Tangent?

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 4th, 1801.

BEING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Marriages.

Blest be the pair whom sympathies unite,
In the sweet bonds of conjugal delight.
For them the fairest flowers of nature blow;
For them the richest fruits of Ceres grow:
Love, harmony and joy their paths attend;
Their state is Paradise, and God their friend—
Delightful state! to which alone is giv'n,
On earth, to antedate the bliss of Heav'n.

AMINTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. John Jones, to Miss Jane Ross, of the Northern Liberties.

.....At Trenton, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Col. Ledyard, to Miss Ann Ray.

.....On the 27th inst, at Westminster, by the Rev. Mr. Clingan, Mr. John Wampler, Post Master, to Miss Elizabeth Vingling, both of that place.

Deaths.

DEATH's awful summoners, each day, appear;
Each day, their solemn warnings strike our ear:
The new-born infant and the aged sire,
The blest and the unblest, alike, expire.
Yet shall th' "insatiate archer's" power give way;
Soon shall he burst forth HEAVEN's bright eternal day;
Soon VIRTUE's votaries shall triumphant sing,
"Grave! where's thy victory? Death! where's thy sting?"
AMINTOR.

DIED...In this City...On the 27th ult. Mrs. [John] Ketland, relict of the late Mr. John Ketland, and daughter of George Meade, Esq....On the 28th, Mr John Frazier, merchant, of the house of Nalbro' & John Frazier.

.....On the 22d ult. Mrs. Mary Robinson, relict of capt. James Robinson, formerly of this city.

.....At Woodstock, (Con.) Mrs. Morse, aged 99, grandmother of the Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown. Her posterity is very numerous; she was mother of 10 children, and grandmother of 72; 219 of the fourth generation, and 14 of the fifth: total 315.

INTERRED, in St. Paul's, on Sunday last, Mrs. Sarah Steel, relict of John Steel, Esq. aged 73 years and 6 months;—and her great grand-son, Thomas Richard Armat, (the infant of Thomas W. Armat,) born the same hour, of the same day of the week, day of the month, and month; aged 6 months.

ACCIDENT.

On Thursday last, Mr George Maffet, a coach painter of this city, designing to go to New-York, put his trunk on board the Burlington boat, and went forward to Frankfort to see an acquaintance, intending to go on board opposite that place. As the boat was coming up, himself and two others, put off in a skiff. The wind being favourable, and the packet gliding swiftly along, some of the hands on board threw out a rope, which those in the skiff caught hold of, but the suddenness of the jerk, arising from the velocity of the vessel, upset the skiff, by which Mr. Maffet was unfortunately drowned, and the other two were with difficulty taken up.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Foe to Thinking," and a "Free Writer," will be disposed of next week.
"The Darrouse" is received, and will be published.
The writer of "The Political Tutler," is informed; that politics, in whatever shape they may appear, forms no part of the plan of the Philadelphia Repository.
Some other communications are received, and will be duly attended to.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE BEGGAR.

STOP, stranger, stop and hear a tale of
woe, (flow;
Which I'll relate, though tears unnumber'd
How bleeds my wounded heart while I re-
late

My past distresses, my unhappy fate!

Once I possessed happiness like thee,
Bless'd with a wife, and lovely children
three; (cot,
Health, peace and plenty smil'd upon my
I liv'd contented with my humble lot;
I env'd not the monarch on his throne;
Ambitious wishes were to me unknown.

When first the cock proclaim'd the coming
morn, (horn;
And jovial huntsmen blew the sounding
With heart and mind at ease, I rose to view
The verdant fields, or labour to pursue.—
But Death!—stern foe of all the human
race, (brace:

Clasp'd wife and children in his cold em-
But I surviv'd to lead a wretched life,
Mourn my lost offspring, and lament my
wife;

Cast destitute upon the world's wide stage.
Oppress'd with sorrow, poverty, and age,
Depriv'd of all that gracious Heaven gave,
I know no comfort, but beyond the grave.
This oaken staff my trembling body bears,
Worn down with sorrow and a weight of
years.

Oh! let thy breast be warm'd with Charity,
Pity my fate—relieve my poverty.

“—Here,—take my purse, and Oh, may
it impart

One ray of comfort to thy care-worn heart;
May Heav'n to thee, a kind aspect display,
And glid with happiness thy closing day.
Heav'n did to me a large abundance spare,
Which ev'ry child of poverty shall share.—”

Thanks, gen'rous stranger, Heaven guide
you home,

Unto thy ever-hospitable dome;
Oh, may you never meet distress like mine.
Health, peace, and plenty be for ever thine;
Safe may you travel thro' this vale of life,
May angels guard your children, and your
wife; (cease.

And when at last your mortal life shall
May! Heav'n reward you with eternal bliss.

ABEL RILAHMAM

THE WORLD COMPARED TO A PRINTING- HOUSE.

The world's a printing-house, our words are
thoughts;

Our deeds are characters of several sizes;
Each soul's a compositor, of whose faults
The levities are correctors; Heaven revises;
Death is the common press, from whence
being driven,

We're gather'd sheet by sheet, and bound for
Heaven.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE REQUEST.

DISPOSER of events, thou Friend
Of all the human race, attend

Thy humble suppliant's pray'r;
To Thee, I make my fond Request,
To Thee the feelings of my breast,
My sentiments declare.

First, grant me purity of heart,
And then thy love divine impart,
To keep the fountain clear;
Hence let the soft affections rise,
In sweet endearment, sympathies,
And gratitude sincere.

From these let innocence, array'd
In spotless white, celestial maid,
With heavenly beauty shine;
Let Virtue in my conduct glow,
And may her charms to mortals show,
Her origin divine.

May health, that best of blessings come,
And on my cheeks with vigour bloom,
And sparkle in mine eyes;
May time benignant influence shed,
And I, when earthly comfort's fled,
Be ripen'd for the skies.

And now, those treasures all to crown,
May lovely Emma be my own—
Epitome of charms!
Whose looks and actions all confess,
Her heart is love, her converse bliss—
Elysium are her arms.

I ask not fortune's affluent low'r,
On me unnumber'd gifts to show'r,
And give a large estate;
Yet, if it please Thee to dispense
To me and Emma competence,
I shall be truly great.

I never su'd for honour, fame,
The flatt'ring title, empty name,
Or worshipp'd at their shrine;—
My whole, my great ambition lies,
Worthy to be in Emma's eyes,
As Emma is in mine.

Here let me ever, ever rest,
Of ev'ry wish and gift possess,
That can conduce to bliss;
Fair Emma and these blessings join'd,
Shall raise a source within my mind
Of love, and joy, and peace!

EUGENIUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

AN ENIGMA.

I AM a bitter but a wholesome good,
Were but my virtues better understood;
For many things impossible to thought,
Have been by me to full perfection brought.
The darning of the soul proceeds from me;
With prudence, diligence, activity;
Sharpness of wit, and fortitude I give,
And teach the patient man to better live.
When man, once strange to me, my virtues
prove, (above.
Themselves I make them know, and Him
The flatt'rer from the friend I give to know.
In me a fair possession lies, but (oh!
The childishness of men) all me refuse,
Because I'm plain, and gaudy trifles chuse;
I'm made the scorn of ev'ry foppish fool,
Insulted, hated, turn'd to ridicule.

QUERITOR.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SLANDER: A PILL;

To be taken Fasting, or just before Tea.

DETESTED wretch! whoe'er thou art,
That strives fair innocence to stain;
Who, with a base, malicious heart,
Exults in reputation slain:

Remember—If, to thee, there seem,
A mote within thy brother's eye,
From thine own eye first pluck the beam,—
His mote more clear thou shalt descry.

Are none but thee and thine so pure,
As to be free from fault or blame?
Let pity in thy breast endure,
For all mankind, thus lost to shame.

Or, is all good in thee alone,
That thou shouldst hurl the vengeful dart?
Reflect—He who first throws a stone,
First finds a flaw in his own heart.

“Aye, there's the rub!”—Low is thy name,
While others' merit rises fair;
Thou lov'st to blast all honest fame,
That thine conspicuous may appear.

Go on, then, venom'd viper, go,—
Indulge thy spleen, thy gall, thy wrath;
Still thine own vitals eat, but know,
What now is life, shall be thy death.

In vain, thou innocence wouldst soil;
In vain, thy clouds round goodness spread:
To virtue thou art but a foil;
To merit's picture but the shade.

Go on, then, execrable fiend!
Glut thee with character and worth;
Short is thy reign—soon comes thy end—
Remorse shall sink thee to the earth:

From thy ordeal, as virgin gold,
Which sev'n times searching fires refine,
True WORTH shall fairer traits unfold;
True EXCELLENCE shall brighter shine.

AMYNIOB.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON SEEING MISS ELIZA G— AT CHURCH.

ON thee, Eliza, while I gaze,
So graceful and divinely fair!
Each charm entic'd my trembling heart,
And stole from heav'n a silent pray'r.

In pity, sweet Eliza, veil
The blooming glories of that face,
And those resistless charms conceal,
Or enter not this sacred place.

In vain my tongue attempts to win,
With humble pray'rs the Deity:
To Him the trembling sounds begin,—
But ah! fair idol, end to thee.

Then teach me some mysterious art,
No more to doat and gaze on you;
And though you rob me of my heart,
Ah! rob me not of Heaven too.

Once wisely I indeed resolv'd,
To gaze on thee, dear girl, no more;
But soon, alas! I found myself,
The fool I was so long before.

R. K. S.